

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

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OH POOR HARRY CLAY!

Ann-Lucy Neal.
The white had out for President,
A man whose name is Clay,
But he didn't come it quite, we think,
For so the people say.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
You never can be President
For so the people say.
You've tried it twice before sir Hal,
And found it was "no go."
The White House never was made for you,
We're often told you so.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
You never will be President,
For you have had your day.
Four years ago at Harrisburg,
You wily cunning elf,
They found you unavailable,
And laid you on the shelf.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
The people did not like you then,
Why was it, can you say?
But now for fear you'd leave the track,
And brook no more delay,
They thought it more expedient,
To let you have your way.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
You cannot now be President,
For Polk is in your way.
But you're no better now I ween,
Than when you run before,
For you were unsuccessful then,
And not successful now, I'm sure.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
That you will not be President,
Is an "obscure" idea.
When'er you run, you're left behind,
Although you've had fair play,
But now your broken down and blind,
And cannot win the day.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Your're ring-boned, spavined, blind,
And cannot run they say.
You're good at brag and loo and whist,
And "all fours" too, they say,
But you must lose this time, old Hal,
For you can't "Polk" play.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
You cannot win this time old Hal,
For you can't "Polk" play.
You tried to beat John Tyler,
But 'twas more than you could do,
Instead of heading honest John,
John Tyler headed you.
Oh poor Harry Clay,
Oh poor Harry Clay,
The way that Tyler headed you,
Was laughable they say.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

The pioneer who dwells in the vicinity of Indian hunting ground, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, learns to hate the Indian because he bears him spoken of always as an enemy. Having listened from his cradle to tales of savage violence, and perused with interest the narrative of aboriginal cunning and ferocity, and remembering also, among the victims of some midnight massacre, his nearest and dearest relation, it is not to be wondered at that he should fear and detest the savage. While the war-whoop is sounding in his ears, the rifle is kept in readiness, and the cabin door secured with the return of evening.
Among these, thus born and reared, one Thomas Higgins, of Kentucky, stands pre-eminent. During the war of 1812, he enlisted at the age of nineteen in a company of rangers, and came to Illinois. One of the most remarkable events of that war occurred near Vandalia, in which Higgins participated.
A little fort or rather a block house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the Capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians, Lieut. Journey and twelve men were assigned as its garrison. Of the latter, Higgins was one.
The surrounding country was, at that time a continuous forest, and the little hamlet of Greenville a frontier town.
On the 26th of August, 1814, strong indications of savages being in the neighborhood were apparent, and at night a party of Indians were seen prowling about the fort.
On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieut. Journey, with the whole force under his command, sallied forth in pursuit of them: they had not proceeded far before a large party of savages, seventy or eighty in number, rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, and one (Thomas Higgins) lingered behind in order to have "one more pull at the enemy."
The morning was sultry. The day had not yet dawned; a heavy dew had fallen during the night, and the air being still and humid, the smoke from their guns hung like a cloud over the awful scene.
By aid of this cloud the companions of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgins' horse having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees; he rose however again. Higgins, supposing him to be mortally wounded, dismounted, and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon thereafter his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat, but resolved before doing so to avenge the death of some of his companions.
He sought therefore, a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body, was near. It was the only one in sight, and before he could reach it, the smoke fairly

arose and discovered to him a number of Indians approaching. One of them was in the act of loading his gun. Higgins, having taken deliberate aim, fired, and the foremost savage fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice apparently from the grass, hailed him with "Tom you won't leave me, will you?"
Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied, "No, I'll not leave you, come along."
"I can't come," said Burgess, my leg is all smashed to pieces."
Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ankle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the latter taking fright darted off in an instant and left Higgins and his wounded friend behind.
"This too bad," said Higgins, "but don't fear, you hop off on three legs, and I'll stay behind, between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so and escaped.
The smoke soon cleared away, and he resolved if possible to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was the most expedient. It would however endanger his friend.
He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could separate and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.
He started, therefore, for a little run of water, hard by, but found one of his limbs failing him, it having been struck with a ball in the first encounter, of which till now, he was scarcely conscious. He stopped, and the largest Indian pressed closely upon him, and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about in order to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random, and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian. He rose, yet, therefore, to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.
Higgins fell, but rose immediately and ran. The foremost Indian, certain of his prey, how loaded again, and with the other two, pressed on. They overtook him, Higgins fell again, as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he pressed on his gun at once or the other, each fell back.
At last, the largest Indian, supposing Higgins' gun to be empty from his having this been reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the Indian fell.
He had now four bullets in his body, an empty gun in his hand, two Indians unharmed, as yet, before him, and a whole tribe a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. Napoleon would have acknowledged himself defeated. Wellington, with all his obstinacy, would have considered the case as doubtful, and Charles of Sweden have considered it one of peril. Not so with Higgins. He had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three, and having little to fear from the others, he began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter; but kept at a respectable distance when Higgins' rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers.
A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not, therefore, deep, though numerous, as his scars sufficiently testified. At last, one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on; but Higgins, recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. Grasping, at length one of their spears, the Indians, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up, who, taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage, and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke, the barrel only remaining in his hands.
The other Indian, who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle—his character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and unarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his name forever. Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off his blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle with the other.
The Indian was yet unharmed, and under existing circumstances by far the most powerful. Higgins' courage, however, was unshaken and inexhaustible. The savage at last began to retreat from the glare of his unflinching eye to the spot where he left his rifle. Higgins knew if the Indian recovered that, his own case was desperate; throwing therefore his rifle barrel aside and drawing his hunting knife, he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife, deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in search of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the contest.
The smoke now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity, and an arm to save; and that arm was a woman's!
The little Garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of her six men and one woman; and that woman was of herself a host—a Mrs. Pursey. When she saw Higgins continuing single handed with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were too many. Mrs. Pursey, however, snatched a rifle from

her husband's hand, and declaring that "no fine fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help," mounted a horse and sallied forth to his rescue. The men unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins fought and before the Indians came up and while the savage with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.
Higgins was insensible for several days, and his life was preserved by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh—two however, yet remained, one of which gave him a great deal of pain. Hearing afterwards that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician (whose name is spared) asked him \$50 for the operation. This Higgins duly refused, saying it was more than half a year's pension. On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball discernible, he requested his wife, therefore to hand him his razor. With her assistance he deliberately laid open the thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, he "blurred it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent!" The other ball yet remained; it gave him however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave.
Higgins died in Fayette county, Illinois, a few years since. He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once door-keeper of the house of Representatives of Illinois.
The Maumee River Times has the following, which looks about as much like romance as truth, yet the main facts are no doubt true:
MORE ABOUT THE MURDERS NEAR PERRYBURG.
This paper of the date of the 20th of April last, contained a short account of the finding of the clothes of a man who was supposed to have been murdered. The clothes were found in the Maumee River by some fisherman, a mile or two above the bridge and near the south side of the river.
From recent disclosures which have been made, (the source of which we are requested not to mention at present, fear that it would interfere with inquiries which will still be made in regard to the matter,) it is rendered pretty certain that two murders were committed in the woods south-east of Perryburg.
It would seem that the circumstances attending these horrid transactions are substantially as follows:—In some instances, however, where the disclosures have been partial, we are obliged to fill up the interval, not adding any thing material, but only such things as must have occurred, and which are necessary to a correct understanding of the story.
The two persons who were murdered were men travelling west with a horse and buggy, their names and destination, however, are wholly unknown. These travellers were found by two men who were the murderers, somewhere on the road, probably between Cleveland and Lower Sandusky.
The murderers it seems became satisfied that these travellers were possessed of valuable property of some kind or other, (but what, is not known,) and they determined to murder them and possess themselves of it. Accordingly one of them went before to look out a good place for the commission of his deed, and the other travelled along with their victims.
When within about a half a mile of the last turnpike gate which is four miles east of Perryburg, the murderers presented loaded pistols to the heads of their victims, and forced them into the woods south of the turnpike, and then murdered them. One of the bodies was stripped of all its clothing—except the shirt and cravat, and partially buried. This body has been found, and the bones have been carefully collected and carried into the settlement and buried.
The other body has not been found. It was left on the ground wholly unstripped and unburied, and as was said something like half a mile from the first body. It is hoped that the efforts which will be made, will be successful in finding this body also.
The murders were committed from the first to the 8th April last, and the clothes found in the river on the 17th of that month undoubtedly belonged to the murdered person buried. The murderers then went back to the place where they left the horse and buggy belonging to the travellers, and drove through Perryburg, deposited the clothes in the river where they were subsequently found, crossed the bridge to the north side of the river, went down the river, below Toledo, took the buggy in pieces and sunk it in the harness in the river, and took the horse out back of Manhattan and killed it.
This is a short and imperfect account of a transaction, the atrocity of which is almost unparalleled in the annals of crime, and wholly unprecedented in this part of the country, but the truth of which nevertheless, may be strictly relied upon, and the object of this notice is principally to enable the relatives of the deceased to recognize their friend, if possible, by the clothes, and possibly by the teeth of the skeleton which was found, a minute description of which was taken by a physician who was present and who will give all the information in his power at any time. The murderers were probably entire strangers in this part of the country and to the murdered men, except the slight acquaintance formed just previously to the murders being committed.
The commencement of the tragedy was probably about the dusk of the evening, but when it was finished, and where the murderers went immediately after it, is not known.
All that is further generally known about the murders, is, that they are both committed to the penitentiary of a neighboring State for a series of years for burglary or for some similar crime, and it is earnestly hoped that the efforts which are being made to ferret them will be brought to suffer the punishment due to the enormous crimes which they have committed.
An Aged Clergyman.—The Urica Baptist Register says, that the Rev. Benjamin Hovey preached in the Baptist chapel in that city, on the afternoon of the last Sabbath in September. Mr. H. has attained to the remarkable age of one hundred and ten years.

From the Ohio Statesman. NEWS FROM OREGON AND THE PACIFIC. OVERLAND, BY THE WAY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

Already has the spirit and enterprise of our hardy people opened up a new channel of communication to the Eastern World. Without the action of Congress—without the protection of law—our noble pioneers have cut a passage to the Pacific, and are building up towns, cities, churches, school houses, mills, and opening beautiful farms—this too while the whig croakers were shedding crocodile tears over the barren and starving dangers of the "far West."
But JAMES K. POLK, the field of the mighty West, is elected President—let the whole Union rejoice under his auspices, the Union—the unequal West will rise up with new energies, as when Mr. Jefferson purchased Louisiana. With Oregon on West, and the great Pacific, and Texas, or the South West, we shall soon be a people that all the earth will envy. The people of Ohio have been basely deceived, and have cast their votes unthinkingly with New England federalism, but they will go right to work now and soon bring our glorious Empire State of the West into the democratic fold.
From the Independence (Mo.) Exposition.
CHEERING NEWS FROM OREGON.
By the return of our fellow citizen WILLIAM GILPIN, who arrived from the mouth of the Columbia river on the 21st instant, we have cheering news from the Oregon Territory, the mountains and from New Mexico. Mr. Gilpin passed the winter amongst the American settlements of the Wallamette and the adjacent seas, which he describes as enjoying the most buoyant prosperity when he left them in April last.
The emigrant party of 1843, (which he accompanied) arrived at their destination in November last, after having braved and overcome unparalleled dangers and difficulties from savages, from thirst, and hunger, crossing parched, treeless plains, fierce angry rivers, and forcing their way through a thousand miles of mountains declared impassable by the most experienced guides and voyagers. Pushing onward, unappalled by any obstacle, these brave pioneers have completed a wagon road from one ocean to the other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the heart of our national territory. This accession has swelled the American population of Oregon to upwards of two thousand. They have formed for themselves a Government, elected Executive and Legislative officers, established courts of justice and a record of land titles. Farms treckle the magnificent plains, towns are springing up at convenient points upon the rivers, a dozen excellent mills supply lumber and flour for home use and export, the fisheries are not neglected, and the lands are surveyed. A college, numerous schools and several churches are scattering education amongst the young. Money has been sent to New York for a printing press and steam engine. Cattle and stock of all kinds are accumulating and rapidly increasing under a mild climate and unfailing pastures. Provisions of all kinds are abundant of the most excellent quality and moderate prices.
Enjoying a genial temperature throughout the year, blessed with comestible plenty, encompassed by magnificent scenery, men's minds are elated with the brilliant prospects with which the horizon around them beams. Fertile lands of vast extent, the majestic forests that shroud the mountains seamed with tumbling streams, great navigable rivers swarming with myriads of fish, and above all, that mighty ocean in front of them, whose farthest waves bathe the Asiatic shores and its tens thousand islands—all these remind them momentarily that their little settlement is the seed from which shall grow a mighty people, great at home, whose ships shall descend to the half torpid millions of the Oriental world and stir into activity the infinite material of commerce which stagnates in those sleepy regions. If any sadness clouds their prospects, it is vexation at the frigid and unrelenting neglect by the national Government, of a patriotic settlement so remote, isolated and exposed, and yet so slender in the number of its defenders.—These settlers are American in heart and blood, with both arms open to receive such of their fellow citizens as may imitate their brilliant example and join them upon the shores of the Pacific.
Mr. Gilpin passed the trading fort of Bridger and Vazquez on the 19th of August. This fort is one hundred miles west of Green river and exactly half way from Independence to the Wallamette.—The American trappers scattered amongst the mountains, had there collected to meet the emigrants, of last spring, an advanced party of thirty of whom, with their wagons and cattle, passed on the 17th, two days later than the emigration of the preceding year. Two larger companies behind, under Gen. Gilliam and Col. Ford, passed subsequently and all by good time to reach the settlements before the setting in of the winter.
SANDWICH ISLANDS.—By three vessels which arrived in the Columbia, in May last from Honolulu, accounts were received of great rejoicing in the islands, consequent on the acknowledgement of their independence by the United States and the European powers. Mr. Record, a young lawyer from N. York city, who accompanied the Oregon emigration of 1843, and passed onward to the islands, has been appointed Attorney General of the Sandwich Islands, by King Tamemanu. The other confidential officers of the King are also Americans, as well as the most enterprising planters and merchants of that flourishing little kingdom.
New Mexico.—War had broken out between the new Mexicans and the tribes of Indians who live around Taos. Early in September six of the Espana Chiefs accompanied by one hundred warriors visited Santa Fe to obtain from Governor Martinez restitution or depredations committed in spring on their people by a roving party of Spaniards under Porciance in the neighborhood of the Salt Mountain. The six chiefs being in audience with the Governor in his palace, expressed themselves dissatisfied with the present offered to them, and the leader attempted to pull the Governor from his seat by the hair—whereupon Martinez seizing his sword killed two of them and the other four were "patched by the guards who rushed in." The hundred

warriors in following in their village attacked twelve Mexicans, and a brisk war between the two battalions was anticipated.
DEMOCRATS OF OHIO.
We have the unparallelled gratification of announcing the complete triumph of the democratic party in this Union. The election of JAMES K. POLK settles the principles of this Government for the next quarter of a century. The country is safe from the tide of federal measures, which were tuning to a full head. The hydra of a bank, and all the monopolies resting upon it for support, are stricken down. The unjust distribution scheme, corrupt as unequal, goes up to fill the pockets of the rich, is blown sky high. The still more anti-republican, and anti-state rights doctrine of assumption of the State debts, is killed forever; and the tariff instead of being for the rich, overgrown and oppressive monopolies alone, will be for agriculture, commerce and mechanics arts, as well as for the manufacturer. Equal and exact justice to all men will be the doctrine of the democracy, and not benefits for one at the expense of others. Instead of the few, the many will be thought of. No temptation, no bribe of exclusive legislation, will be held out to the wealthy monopolist to corrupt the elective franchise, and insolently drag the working man to the polls under the threats of starvation. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, will receive the same benign protection under the constitution and laws.
The question now is, what shall Ohio do? The three great central states—New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia—have united their democratic strength on Polk. This will permanency and security to the measures of his administration. Shall Ohio be the black sheep in the fold? Not she shall not be will be the response of every democrat in the state. Ohio, the great empire of the west—a state whose interests are more identified with a democratic administration of the government, than perhaps any of the central states,—the security of Oregon will open up a home for her sons, and swell the mighty march of empire to the Pacific—the acquisition of Texas will open up a still greater outlet for her trade into the Gulf of Mexico, and add riches to our commerce, and protection to the south west. Our colonies are onward—upward. A new era has burst upon us, not in the splendor of the great wealth of the few, sustained and encouraged by the powerful arm of law, but in the progress and stability of our republican institutions, in their purity and their might. It is a triumph of the people and for the people—the living, moving and laboring masses—and then call Ohio stand back? She cannot—she will not.
Democrats, let us then go at once to work, all over the state, and convince the deceived that they are in the wrong party. Thousands will unite with us who have been deceived, misled, and even ruined by their federal leaders. Nothing is wanting but light and truth, and now is the time to perform that work. A heated political contest is the worst possible time to do it; but when the mind is cool and calm, and when argument, instead of passion prevails, is the time for action.
Democrats, let the victory obtained for us by other states, let us at once go to work, and every one do his part, and bring Ohio—the great empire of the west—into the support of an administration soon to commence its labors. This is due to our democratic brethren of other states—due ourselves—and the great principles of republican government.—Ohio Statesman.
ANECDOTE OF A STAMMERER.
During the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the captain and made his bow.
"What is your objection?" asked the captain.
"I ca-a-ant go," answers the man, "because I st-stutter."
"Stutter?" says the captain, "you don't go there to talk but to fight."
"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say who-who goes there!"
"Oh! that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he can challenge if you can fire."
"Well, b-b-but I may be taken and run through the g-g-guts before I can cry for q-q-quarter!"
This last idea prevailed, and the captain, out of humanity, laughing heartily, dismissed him.
WHAT'S THE PRICE OF MUTTON?
A few days since, says the Cincinnati Commercial, an Englishman for the first time visited one of the markets, pencil and paper in hand, to ascertain the prices of the different articles, for his notes of America. Approaching a butcher's stall, he inquired the price of a very fine quarter of mutton.
"Twenty-five cents," said the owner.
"I asked you a civil question," said the Englishman.
"I gave you a civil answer," said the butcher, "a very fine article, you will observe, and we must have a living profit."
"Well," said the stranger, "who could have thought it? I was not aware that such a thing could have been found in the world. In London such a piece of mutton would have commanded five dollars!"
The traveller took down his notes, the butcher opened his eyes wide, and we stopped.
Cure for the Croup.—The Journal of Health gives the following simple cure for this most dangerous disease, the croup. "If a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge; the breathing will almost instantly be relieved, so soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can, then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety."
Col. Owens, of Independence, arrived at Santa Fe in advance of his wagons on the 20th of September, and was received with great credit by the citizens. The wagons of Messrs. Ben & Savary were at Santa Fe on the 24th of October. Dr. Connelly with his wagons bound to Chihuahua at San Creek on the 6th and 8th. Spicers at the George Camp on the Arkansas, 35 miles in rear. All these expeditions were travelling the crooked ahead, and had met with no serious obstacles or delay.